

resnais, new things that i thought
they'd respond to, and more often than
not they did.

now, thirty years later, i still try
to interest the young in coltrane,
sartre, godard, resnais, and such,
but it is less easy to interest the
young in what has become the past.

LAST ONE TO THE CIDER PRESS IS A ROTTEN APPLE

he had always been the youngest.

he started kindergarten at 4 1/2,
graduated from high school at 17 1/2,
from college at 20 1/2,
and had his ph.d. at 23 1/2.

he was always the youngest guy
on the team, and the coaches appreciated
that he still had room to grow.

he was married the first time at 20,
had three kids at 24,
seven at 40,
five grandkids at 53.

at 52 he already had
thirty years in the retirement plan.

that same year, however,
he was the youngest patient
in the pulmonary ward, then
the youngest of the old fucks
doing cardiovascular laps at the y.

it was as he was emerging from
one of these swims, and looking
around for where he had parked his car,
that it occurred to him he had a shot at being
the earliest recorded case
of alzheimer's.

"NATURE RED AT TOOTH AND CLAW"

the fat-with-blood mosquito
that just escaped my swat
and buzzed away,
as smug as it was plump,

may give me encephalitis,
but we'll see what the coumadin
in my veins
does for its health.

WEATHER REPORT

when he moved to california
he never worried about such
things as droughts. his only
interest in weather reports
revolved around whether or not
he was apt to get soaked. he
was glad to be away from upstate
new york where the weather was
about all that anyone ever talked
about. in california you could
generally take the weather for granted.

now, thirty years older, he wonders
why he spends so much time watching
weather reports, even checking
daily the "seasonal rainfall to date."
worst of all he is aware of initiating
discussions of the weather, as time
runs out on him, he increasingly
wastes it on trivialities.

SUMMER SCHOOL

it is june again and i am teaching
five hours a night, four nights a week,
for five weeks. i kid that i am doing it
for the pure love of teaching, but,

of course, financial considerations have
exerted their influence, a major one.
still, i do not speak entirely with
irony. it is a good time to be

teaching. the days are warm; the
evenings cool; the sun sets late.
there are no faculty meetings,
no battles over personnel or policies.

the spring semester has not yet
ended for my wife and children;
thus, i have the house to myself
during the day. three or four times